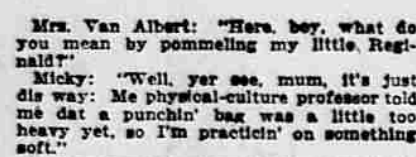
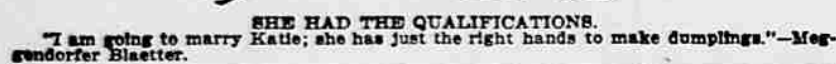


Copyright, 1932, by W. P. Hays. Great Britain. Rights Reserved.



**The Observant Youth.**  
The pompous new resident had been having a set-to with the smart boy of the neighborhood. This was the youngster's parting shot:  
"Aw, you don't need t' think you're no whole legislaacher jist becous everybody's a'ays presentin' bills to you!"—Baltimore American.

**Eye to the Future.**  
Jilkson: "Doctor Bolus says he thinks that in the next world we shall do pretty much the same as we do in this."  
Harkins: "So? That must be why he sends so many of his patients there. Evidently he expects to find a fine practice awaiting him when he reaches the other side."—Boston Transcript.

**Its Truthful Look.**  
 "What is this?" asked the crusty boarder, poking at something in his dish, while he turned a glaring eye on the landlady.  
 "That, Mr. Sarseigh," explained the chateleine of the feedery, "is one of the new predigested foods. I thought my boarders might appreciate the introduction of a novelty of some sort."  
 "Predigested, eh?" growled Mr. Sarseigh. "It looks prehistoric to me!"—*New York Times.*

"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle, after being conducted through the newly finished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary!"

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied. "Josiah wanted to get her one of them encyclopedias, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers is, even if it didn't cost quite so much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Evasion.**  
Mother: "Tommy, what's your little brother crying that way for?"  
Tommy (who has taken the little fellow's cake): "I guess that's the only way he knows how to cry, ma."—Philadelphia Press

**Choice of Skating Partner.**  
Helen: "I wonder why Ernie always goes skating with that callow dude?"  
Milly: "I guess she wants something soft to fall on."—Chicago News.

**An Embarrassing Situation.**  
 "What a beautiful luncheon!" said the guest.  
 "Yes," answered Mr. Cumtux, "mother and the girls say it is all right."  
 "But you aren't enjoying it."  
 "No; I'm a little embarrassed. I've been standing over here trying to figure out which are the edibles and which are the decorations."—Washington Star.

**False Hair Emporium.**  
Mr. Reuben Eck: "Doing some shopping for your mother to-day, weren't you?"  
Miss Growsere (unwarily): "No; I was quite selfish to-day. All I did was for myself. Why?"  
Mr. Reuben Eck: "I saw you going into that false-hair emporium."—Philadelphia Press

**His Reason.**  
Smithkins: "There's old Buffkins. I don't care to meet him. Let's turn this way. Last summer I requested a loan of \$30."  
Tifkins: "Well, he ought to have obliged you; he's rich enough."  
Smithkins: "The trouble is he did!"—Smart Set.

**Villie's Conclusion.**

The dog had been chasing his own tail for a quarter of an hour.

"Papa," quoth Villie, "what kind of a dog is that?"

"A watch dog, my son," replied the parent.

Villie pondered a moment.

"Well," he finally observed, "from the length of time it takes him to wind himself up, I think he must be a Waterbury watch dog."

—Town and Country.

**Changed the Subject.**

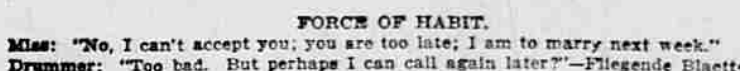
Anna and Villie were the two little girls who were neighbors. They were never known to quarrel. One day Hilma's mamma, seeing them playing together so beautifully, asked how it happened that they never quarreled.

"Oh," replied Anna, "whenever we begin to dispute about anything, Hilma changes the subject, and then

**Born Too Soon.**  
Janitor's Wife: "Phwat are yez readin'?"  
Janitor: "O'im readin' th' history av Napoleon Bonaparte. Moy! Moy! Phwat a janitor he wud ov made!"—New York Weekly.



Miss: "I must ask permission to leave." Der Dorfbarbier.



**Knew All About It.**  
Teacher: "What is the meaning of 'parvenue'?"  
Johnny: "An upstart."  
Teacher: "Give a sentence in which the word is used."  
Johnny: "When a man sits down on a bent pin he gives a violent parvenue."—Chicago Tribune.

signs of a storm.  
My little sister had a dog of which she was particularly fond, and who was afraid of a thunderstorm, and used to take refuge in the cellar on such occasions. She announced one day during a storm:  
"Gyp shut up his tail and ran down cellar."—Little Clara.  
He (at the window): "It's very cheerful within, but disagreeable without."  
She (cooly): "Without what?"  
He (inspired): "Why, without you, darling."  
And a few weeks later the furniture installation house was called upon to open a new account.—Chicago News.

**Which She Did.**  
 "George," said Mrs. Ferguson, "the people next door to us sent over again this morning for some—"  
 "I haven't any time to talk about the people next door," broke in Mr. Ferguson.  
 "I'm not asking you to talk about them," she rejoined, with firmly set lips. "I'm do the talking."—Chicago Tribune.

